

T H E
O R P H A N :

OR, THE *11779.aa 10*
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UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

A T R A G E D Y.

WRITTEN BY

M R. O T W A Y. *(75)*

Taken from the

M A N A G E R S B O O K S,

A T T H E T H E A T R E S

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXXV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, 1785,

COVENT-GARDEN.

M E N.

Acasto,	-	-	Mr. Clarke.
Castalio,	-	-	Mr. Pope.
Polydore,	-	-	Mr. Farren.
Chamont,	-	-	Mr. Holman.
Ernesto,	-	-	Mr. Thompson.
Paulino,	-	-	
Cordelio,	-	-	Master Farrel.
Chaplain,	-	-	Mr. Fearon.

W O M E N.

Monimia,	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
Serina,	-	-	Mrs. Inchbald.
Florella,	-	-	Mrs. Pouffin.

SCENE, BOHEMIA.



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T H E
O R P H A N :
OR, THE
UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

A C T I. S C E N E, *a Garden.*

Enter Castalio, Polydore, and Page.

Cast. **P**OLYDORE! our sport
Has been to-day much better for the danger;
When on the brink the foaming boar I met,
And in his side thought to have lodg'd my spear,
The desperate savage rush'd within my force,
And bore me headlong with him down the rock.

Pol. But then——

Cast. Ay then, my brother, my friend Polydore,
Like Perseus mounted on his winged steed,
Came on, and down the dang'rous precipice leapt
To save Castalio. 'Twas a Godlike act!

Pol. But when I came I found you Conqueror.
Oh! my heart danc'd to see your danger past!
The heat and fury of the chace was cold,
And I had nothing in my mind but joy.

Cast. So, Polydore, methinks we might in war
Rush on together; thou should'st be my guard,
And I be thine: what is't could hurt us then?
Now half the youth of Europe are in arms,
How fulsome must it be to stay behind,
And die of rank diseases here at home?

Pol. No, let me purchase in my youth renown,
To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old;
I would be busy in the world and learn,
Not like a coarse and useles dunghill weed,
Fixt to one spot, and rot just as I grow.

Cast. Our father——
Has ta'en himself a surfeit of the world,
And cries, it is not safe that we should take it:
I own I have duty very pow'rful in me:
And though I'd hazard all to raise my name,
Yet he's so tender, and so good a father,
I could not do a thing to cross his will.

Pol. Castalio, I have doubts within my heart,
Which you, and only you can satisfy :
Will you be free and candid to your friend ?

Cast. Have I a thought my Polydore shou'd not know ?
What can this mean ?

Pol. Nay, I'll conjure you too,
By all the strictest bonds of faithful friendship,
To shew your heart as naked in this point,
As you wou'd purge you of your sins to Heav'n.

Cast. I will.

Pol. And should I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
With all the suff'rance of a tender friend.

Cast. As calmly as the wounded patient bears
The artist's hand that ministers his cure.

Pol. That's kindly said. You know our father's ward,
The fair Monimia : is your heart at peace ?
Is it so guarded, that you could not love her ?

Cast. Suppose I should ?

Pol. Suppose you should not, brother.

Cast. You'd say, I must not.

Pol. That would sound too roughly
'Twixt friends and brothers, as we two are.

Cast. Is love a fault ?

Pol. In one of us it may be :
What if I love her ?

Cast. Then I must inform you
I lov'd her first, and cannot quit the claim,
But will preserve the birth-right of my passion.

Pol. You will.

Cast. I will.

Pol. No more ; I've done.

Cast. Why not ?

Pol. I told you I had done :
But you, Castalio, would dispute it.

Cast. No ;

Not with my Polydore ; though I must own
My nature obstinate and void of suff'rance,
Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his throne by all his guards
Of furious Wishes, Fears, and nice Suspensions.
I could not bear a rival in my friendship.
I am so much in love, and fond of thee.

Pol.

Pol. Yet you will break this friendship?

Cast. Not for crowns.

Pol. But for a toy you would, a woman's toy.
Unjust Castalia!

Cast. Prithee where's my fault?

Pol. You love Monimia.

Cast. Yes.

Pol. And you would kill me,
If I'm your rival.

Cast. No, sure we're such friends,
So much one man, that our affections too
Must be united, and the same as we are.

Pol. I doat upon Monimia.

Cast. Love her still;
Win and enjoy her.

Pol. Both of us cannot.

Cast. No matter
Whose chance it prove; but let's not quarrel for't.

Pol. You would not wed Monimia, would you?

Cast. Wed her!

No! were she all desire could wish, as fair
As would the vainest of her sex be thought,
With wealth beyond what woman's pride could waste,
She should not cheat me of my freedom. Marry!
When I am old and weary of the world,
I may grow desperate,
And take a wife to mortify withal.

Pol. It is an elder brother's duty so
To propagate his family and name:
You would not have yours die and buried with you?

Cast. Mere vanity, and silly dotage all:
No, let me live at large, and when I die——

Pol. Who shall possess th' estate you leave?

Cast. My friend,
If he survives me; if not, my King,
Who may bestow't it again on some brave man,
Whose honesty and services deserve one.

Pol. 'Tis kindly offer'd.

Cast. By yon Heaven, I love
My Polydore beyond all wordly joys,
And would not shock his quiet, to be Blest
With greater happiness than man e'er tasted.

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Pol. And by that Heaven eternally I swear,
To keep the kind Castalio in my heart.
Whose shall Monimia be?

Cast. No matter whose.

Pol. Were you not with her privately last night?

Cast. I was, and should have met her here again;
But th' opportunity shall now be thine;
Myself will bring thee to the scene of love:
But have a care, by Friendship I conjure thee,
That no false play be offer'd to thy brother.
Urge all thy pow'rs to make thy passion prosper:
But wrong not mine.

Pol. Heav'n blast me if I do.

Cast. If it prove thy fortune, Polydore, to conquer,
(For thou hast all the arts of soft persuasion!)
Trust me, and let me know thy love's success,
That I may ever after stile mine.

Pol. Though she be dearer to my soul than rest
To weary pilgrims, or to misers gold,
To great men pow'r, or wealthy cities pride:
Rather than wrong Castalio, I'd forget her.

For if ye Pow'rs have happiness in store,
When ye would show'r down joys on Polydore,
In one great blessing all your bounty send,
That I may never lose so dear a friend.

[*Ex. Cast. and Pol. Manet Page.*

Enter Monimia.

Mon. So soon return'd from hunting? This fair day
Seems as if sent to invite the world abroad.
Pass'd not Castalio and Polydore this way?

Page. Madam, just now.

Mon. Sure my ill fate's upon me.
Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,
And apprehension shocks my tim'rous soul.
Why was not I laid in my peaceful grave
With my poor parents? and at rest as they are?
Instead of that, I'm wand'ring into cares.
Castalio! O Castalio! thou hast caught
My foolish heart; and like a tender child,
That trusts his play-thing to another hand,
I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.

Come

Come near, Cordelio; I must chide you, Sir.

Page. Why, Madam, have I done you any wrong?

Mon. I never see you now; you have been kinder;
Sat by my bed, and sung me pretty songs:
Perhaps I've been ungrateful. Here's money for you:
Will you oblige me? shall I see you oftener!

Page. Madam, I'd serve you with my soul.

Mon. Tell me, Cordelio, for thou oft hast heard
Their friendly converse, and their bosom secrets:
Sometimes, at least, have they not talk'd of me?

Page. O Madam! very wickedly they have talk'd!
But I am afraid to name it; for, they say,
Boys must be whipt that tell their master's secrets.

Mon. Fear not, Cordelio! it shall ne'er be known;
For I'll preserve the secret as 'twere mine.
Polydore cannot be so kind as I.

I'll furnish thee with all thy harmless sports,
With pretty toys, and thou shalt be my Page.

Page. And truly, Madam, I had rather be so.
Methinks you love me better than my lord;
For he was never half so kind as you are.
What must I do?

Mon. Inform me how thou'lt heard
Castalio, and his brother, use my name.

Page. With all the tenderness of love;
You were the subject of their last discourse.
At first I thought it would have fatal prov'd;
But as the one grew hot, the other cool'd,
And yielded to the frailty of his friend;
At last, after much struggling, 'twas resolv'd——

Mon. What, good Cordelio?

Page. Not to quarrel for you.

Mon. I wou'd not have 'em, by my dearest hopes;
I wou'd not be the argument of strife.
But surely my Castalio won't forsake me.
And make a mock'ry of my easy love.
Went they together?

Page. Yes, to see you, Madam.
Castalio promis'd Polydore to bring him,
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the fortune of his wishes.

Mon. Am I then grown so cheap just to be made

A common

A common stake, a prize for love in jest ?
 Was not Castalio very loth to yield it ;
 Or was it Polydore's unruly passion,
 That heighten'd the debate ?

Page. The fault was Polydore's.
 Castalio play'd with love, and smiling shew'd
 The pleasure, not the pangs of his desire.
 He said no woman's smiles should buy his freedom :
 And marriage is a mortifying thing.

Mon. Then I am ruin'd, if Castalio's false.
 Where is there faith and honour to be found ?
 Ye Gods, that guard the innocent and guide
 The weak, protect, and take me to your care.
 O but I love him ! There's the rock will wreck me !
 Why was I made with all my sex's softness,
 Yet want the cunning to conceal its follies ?
 I'll see Castalio, tax him with his falsehoods,
 Be a true woman, rail, protest my wrongs ;
 Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Enter Castalio and Polydore.

He comes, the conqueror comes : lie still, my heart,
 And learn to bear thy injuries with scorn.

Cast. Madam, my brother begs he may have leave,
 To tell you something that concerns you nearly :
 I leave you, as becomes me, and withdraw.

Mon. My lord Castalio !

Cast. Madam ?

Mon. Have you purpos'd
 To abuse me palpably ? What means this usage ?
 Why am I left with Polydore alone ?

Cast. He best can tell you. Business of importance
 Calls me away : I must attend my father.

Mon. Will you then leave me thus ?

Cast. But for a moment.

Mon. It has been otherwise : the time has been,
 When business might have staid, and I been heard.

Cast. I could for ever hear thee ; but this time
 Matters of such odd circumstances press me,
 That I must go———

[*Exit.*

Mon. Then go, and, if't be possible, for ever.
 Well, my lord Polydore, I guess your business,
 And read th' ill-natur'd purpose in your eyes.

Pol.

T H E O R P H A N .

Pol. If to desire you more than misers wealth,
Or dying men an hour of added life ;
If softest wishes, and a heart more true.
Than ever suffer'd yet for love disdain'd,
Speak an ill-nature, you accuse me justly.

Mon. Talk not of love, my lord, I must not hear it.

Pol. Who can behold such beauty, and be silent ?
Desire first taught us words : Man, when created,
At first alone along wander'd up and down,
Forlorn, and silent as his vassal-beasts ;
But when a heav'n-born Maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange pleasure fill'd his eyes, and fir'd his heart,
Unloos'd his tongue, and his first talk was love.

Mon. The first created pair indeed were blest'd ;
They were the only objects of each other,
Therefore he courted her, and her alone ;
But in this peopled world of beauty, where
There's roving room, where you may cour and ruin
A thousand more, why need you talk to me ?

Pol. Oh ! I could talk to thee for ever : Thus
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
On those dear eyes ; for every glance they send
Darts thro' my soul, and almost gives enjoyment.

Mon. How can you labour thus for my undoing ?
I must confess, indeed, I owe you more
Than ever I can hope or think to pay.
There always was a friendship 'twixt our families ;
And therefore when my tender parents dy'd,
Whose ruin'd fortunes too expir'd with them,
Your father's pity and his bounty took me,
A poor and helpless Orphan, to his care.

Pol. 'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it so, to make me happy.
Hence with this peevish virtue, 'tis a cheat,
Come, these soft tender limbs were made for yielding.

Mon. Here, on my knees, by heav'n's blest pow'r
I swear, [Kneels.

If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,
But rather wander through the world a beggar,
And live on sordid scraps at proud mens doors ;
For though to Fortune lost, I'll still inherit
My mother's virtues, and my father's honour.

Pol. Intolerable vanity ! your sex

Was

Was never in the right ! y'are always false,
 Or silly ; ev'n your dresses are not more
 Fantastic than your appetites ; you think
 Of nothing twice : opinion you have none.
 To-day y' are nice, to-morrow not so free ;
 Now smile, then frown ; now sorrowful, then glad ;
 Now pleas'd, now not ; and all you know not why !
 Virtue you affect, inconsistency's your practice ;
 And when your loose desires once get dominion,
 No hungry churl seeds coarser at a feast ;
 Ev'ry rank fool goes down——

Mon. Indeed, my lord,
 I own my sex's follies ; I have 'em all ;
 And, to avoid its fault, must fly from you.
 Therefore, believe me, could you raise me high
 As most fantastic woman's wish could reach,
 And lay all Nature's riches at my feet ;
 I'd rather run a savage in the woods
 Amongst brute beasts, grow wrinkled and deform'd,
 So I might still enjoy my honour safe,
 From the destroying wiles of faithless men——

[*Exit.*

Pol. Who'd be that fordid thing call'd Man,
 To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a pleasure,
 Which beasts enjoy so very much above him ?
 The lusty Bull ranges through all the field,
 And from the herd singling his female out,
 Enjoys her, and abandons her at will.
 It shall be so : I'll yet possess my love,
 Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded hours ;
 Then when her roving thoughts have been abroad,
 And brought in wanton wishes to her heart,
 I' th' very minute when her Virtue nods,
 I'll rush upon her in a storm of Love,
 Beat down her guard of Honour, all before me,
 Surfeit on joys, till ev'n Desire grows sick ;

*Then, by long absence, liberty regain,
 And quite forget the pleasure and the pain.*

[*Exeunt Pol. and Page.*

ACT

T H E O R P H A N. II

A C T II. S C E N E a Saloon.

Enter Acasto, Castalio, Polydore, and Attendants.

Acast. **T**O-day has been a day of glorious sport :
When you, Castalio, and your brother left
me,

Forth from the thickets rush'd another boar,
So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high,
They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back :
Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
Best to observe which way he'd lead the chace,
Whetting his huge large tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his prey ;
'Till brandishing my well pois'd javelin high,
With this bold executing arm, I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

Cast. The actions of your life were always wond'rous.

Acast. No flattery boy ! an honest man can't live by't ;
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole and soften fools withal.
If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with't,
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.

Cast. Your lordship's wrongs have been
So great, that you with justice may complain ;
But suffer us, whose younger minds ne'er felt
Fortune's deceits, to court her, as she's fair :
Were she a common mistress, kind to all,
Her worth would cease, and half the world grow idle.

Acast. Go to, y'are-fools, and know me not : I've learnt
Long since to bear revenge, or scorn my wrongs,
According to the value of the doer.

You both wou'd fain be great, and to that end
Desire to do things worthy your ambition.

Go to the camp, preferment's noblest mart,

Where Honour ought to have the fairest play, you'll find
Corruption, Envy, Discontent and Faction,

Almost in every band : how many men

Have spent their blood in their dear Country's service ?

Yet now pine under want, while selfish slaves,

Thate'en would cut their throats whom now they fawn on,
Like deadly Locusts eat the honey up,

Which

Which those industrious Bees so hardly toil'd for !

Cast. These precepts suit not with my active mind ;
Methinks I would be busy.

Pol. So would I,
Not loiter out my life at home, and know
No farther than one prospect gives me leave.

Acast. Busy your minds then, study arts and men ;
Learn how to value Merit, though in rags,
And scorn a proud ill-manner'd Knave in office.

Enter Serina.

Ser. My Lord, my father !

Acast. Blessings on my child,
My little cherub, what hast thou to ask me ?

Ser. I bring you, Sir, most glad and welcome news ;
The young Chamont, whom you've so often wish'd for,
Is just arriv'd, and entering.

Acast. By my soul,
And all my honours, he's most dearly welcome :
Let me receive him like his father's friend.

Enter Chamont.

Welcome, thou reliet of the best lov'd man :
Welcome from all the turmoils, and the hazards
Of certain danger, and uncertain Fortune ;
Welcome as happy tiding after fears.

Cham. Words wou'd but wrong the gratitude I owe
you :

Shou'd I begin to speak, my soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all day.

Enter Monimia.

Mon. My brother !

Cham. O my sister ! let me hold thee
Long in my arms. I've not beheld thy face
These many days ; by night I've often seen thee
In gentle dreams, and satisfy'd my soul
With fancy'd joys, 'till morning cares awak'd me.
Another sister ! sure it must be so !

Though I remember well I had but one :
But I feel something in my heart that prompts,
And tells me she has claim and interest there.

Acast. Young Soldier, you've not only study'd war,
Courtship, I see, has been your practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my daughter.

Cham.

Cham. Is she your daughter ! then my heart told true,
And I am at least her brother by adoption :
For you have made yourself to me a father,
And, by that patent, I have leave to love her.

Ser. Monimia, thou hast told me men are false,
Will flatter, feign, and make an art of love :
Is Chamont so ? no, sure, he's more than man,
Something that's near divine, and truth dwells in him.

Acast. Thus happy, who wou'd envy pompous pow'r,
The luxury of courts, or wealth of cities ?
Let there be joy thro' all the house this day !
In ev'ry room let plenty flow at large !
It is the birth-day of my royal Master !
You have not visited the Court, Chamont,
Since your return ?

Cba. I have no bus'ness there ;
I have not slavish temperance enough
T' attend a favourite's heels, and watch his smiles,
Bear an ill office done me to my face,
And thank the lord that wrong'd me for his favour.

Acast. This you could do. [To his sons.

Cast. I'd serve my Prince.

Acast. Who'd serve him ?

Cast. I would, my lord.

Pol. And I : both would.

Acast. Away !

He needs not any servant such as you :
Serve him ! he merits more than man can do !
He is so good, praise cannot speak his worth :
So merciful, sure he ne'er slept in wrath !
So just, that were he but a private man,
He cou'd not do a wrong ! How wou'd you serve him ?

Cast. I'd serve him with my fortune here at home,
And serve him with my person in his wars :
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.

Pol. Die for him,

As ev'ry true-born loyal subject ought.

Acast. Let me embrace ye both ! now by the souls
Of my brave ancestors, I'm truly happy !
For this be ever blest my marriage day !
Blest be your mother's memory that bore you !

And doubly blest be that auspicious hour
That gave ye birth !

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, th' expected guests are just arrived.

Acast. Go you, and give 'em welcome and reception.
[*Ex.*]

Cha. My lord, I stand in need of your assistance,
In something that concerns my peace and honour.

Acast. Spoke like the son of that brave man I lov'd :
So freely, friendly we convers'd together.
What'er it be, with confidence impart it,
Thou shalt command my fortune and my sword.

Cham. I dare not doubt your friendship nor your justice,
Your bounty shewn to what I hold most dear,
My Orphan Sister must no be forgotten !

Acast. Prithee no more of that, it grates my nature.

Cham. When our dear parents dy'd, they dy'd together,
One fate surpris'd 'em, and one grave receiv'd 'em ;
My father with his dying breath bequeath'd
Her to my love : my mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,
Took me in her fainting arms, wept and embrac'd me ;
Then press'd me close, and as she observ'd my tears,
Kiss'd them away : said she, Chamont, my son,
By this, and all the love I ever shew'd thee,
Be careful of Monimia ; watch her youth ;
Let not her wants betray her to dishonour :
Perhaps kind Heav'n may raise some friend. Then sigh'd,
Kiss'd me again ; so bless'd us, and expir'd.
Pardon my grief.

Acast. It speaks an honest nature.

Cham. The friend Heav'n rais'd was you, you took
her up

An infant, to the desert World expos'd,
And prov'd another parent.

Acast. I've not wrong'd her.

Cham. Far be it from my fears.

Acast. Then why this argument ?

Cham. My lord, my nature's jealous, and you'll

Acast. Go on. [bear it.]

Cham. Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly :

Good offices claim gratitude ; and pride,

Where

Where pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,
And make us (rather than be thought behind-hand)
Pay over-price.

Acast. I cannot guess your drift :
Distrust you me ?

Cham. No, but I fear her weakness
May make her pay her debt at any rate ;
And, to deal freely with your lordship's goodness,
I've heard a story lately much disturbs me.

Acast. Then first change her ! and if th' offence be
found

Within my reach, tho' it should touch my nature,
In my own offspring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave father, whom my heart rejoic'd in,
I'd prosecute it with severest vengeance. [Exit.]

Cham. I thank you from my soul.

Mon. Alas my brother !

What have I done ? and why do you abuse me ?
My heart quakes in me ; in your settled face,
And clouded brow, methinks I see my fate :
You will not kill me !

Cham. Prithee, why dost thou talk so ?

Mon. Look kindly on me then : I cannot bear
Severity ; it daunts, and does amaze me ;
My heart's so tender, should you charge me rough,
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing ;
But use me gently like a loving brother,
And search through all the secrets of my soul.

Cham. Fear nothing, I will shew myself a brother,
A tender, honest, and a loving brother :
You've not forgot our Father ?

Mon. I never shall.

Cham. Then you'll remember too, he was a man
That liv'd up to the standard of his Honour,
And priz'd that jewel more than mines of wealth :
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once,
Tho' kept in darkness from the world, and hidden,
He could not have forgiv'n it to himself.
This was the only portion that he left us ;
And I more glory in't, than if possess
Of all that ever Fortune threw on fools.
'Twas a large trust, and must be manag'd nicely :

Now if, by any chance, Monimia,
You have soil'd this gem, and taken from its value,
How will you account with me ?

Mon. I challenge Envy,
Malice, and all the practices of Hell,
To censure all the actions of my past
Unhappy life, and taint me if they can !

Cham. I'll tell thee then : three nights ago, as I
Lay musing in my bed, all darkness round me,
A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat
Dew'd all my face, and trembling seiz'd my limbs :
My bed shook under me, the curtain started,
And to my tortur'd fancy there appear'd
The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou art ;
Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand
A wanton lover, which by turns caress'd thee
With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure :
I snatch'd my sword, and in the very moment
Darted it at the phantom, strait it left me :
Then rose and call'd for lights, when, O dire omen !
I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,
Just where that famous tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy Theban slew his father.

Mon. And for this cause my virtue is suspected !
Because in dreams your fancy has been ridden,
I must be tortur'd waking !

Cham. Have a care ;
Labour not to be justify'd too fast :
Hear all, and then let Justice hold the scale.
What follow'd was the riddle that confounds me :
Through a close lane, as I pursu'd my journey,
And meditating on the last night's vision,
I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself ;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red ;
Cold palsy shook her head, her hand seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapt
The tatter'd remnant of an old strip'd hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold ;
So there was nothing of a piece about her :
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And

And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness :
I ask'd her of the way, which she inform'd me ;
Then crav'd my charity, and bad me hasten
To save a Sister : at that word I started !

Mon. The common cheat of beggars every day !
They flock about our doors, pretend to gifts
Of prophecy, and telling fools their fortunes.

Cham. Oh ! but she told me such a tale, Monimia,
As in it bore great circumstance of truth :
Castalio and Polydore, my sister.

Mon. Hah !

Cham. What alter'd ! does your courage fail !
Now by my father's soul, the witch was honest :
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy honour at a fordid game ?

Mon. I will.

I must, so hardly my misfortune loads me,
That both have offer'd me their loves most true.

Cham. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.

Mon. Though they both with earnest vows
Have prest my heart, if e'er in thought I yielded
To any but Castalio——

Cham. But Castalio ?

Mon. Still will you cross the line of my discourse.
Yes, I confess that he has won my soul
By gen'rous love, and honourable vows :
Which he this day appointed to compleat,
And make himself by holy marriage mine.

Cham. Art thou then spotless ? hast thou still preserv'd
Thy virtue white, without a blot untainted ?

Mon. When I'm unchaste may Heaven reject my
pray'rs !

Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it !

Cham. Oh then, Monimia, art thou dearer to me
Than all the comforts ever yet blest man,
But let not marriage bait thee to thy ruin.
Trust not a man : we are all by Nature false,
Dissembling, subtil, cruel, and unconstant :
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him ;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee :
I charge thee, let no more Castalio soothe thee ;
Avoid it as thou would'st reserve the peace

Of a poor brother, to whose soul th' art precious.

Mon. I will.

Cham. Appear as cold, when next you meet, as great ones

When Merit begs ; then shalt thou see how soon
His heart will cool, and all his pains grow easy. [*Exit.*

Mon. Yes, I will try him ; torture him severely ;
For, O Castalio ! thou too much hast wrong'd me,
In leaving me to Polydore's ill usage.
He comes ; and now, for once, O Love, stand neuter,
Whilst a hard part's perform'd ! for I must tempt,
Wound his soft nature, tho' my heart akes for't. [*Exit.*

Enter Castalio.

Cast. Monimia, Monimia ! — She's gone ;
And seem'd to part with anger in her eyes !
I am a fool, and she has found my weakness :
She uses me already like a slave
Fast bound in chains, to be chastis'd at will.
'Twas not well done to trifle with my brother :
I might have trusted him with all the secret,
Open'd my silly heart, and shewn it bear.
But then he loves her too ; but none like me :
I am a doating honest slave, design'd
For bondage, marriage bonds, which I have sworn
'To wear : it is the only thing I e'er
Hid from his knowledge ; and he'll sure forgive
The first transgression of a wretched friend
Betray'd to love, and all its little follies.

Enter Polydore, and Page at the door.

Pol. Here place yourself, and watch my brother
thoroughly :

If he should chance to meet Monimia, make
Just observation of each word and action ;
Pass not one circumstance without remark :
Sir, 'tis your office, do't, and bring me word. [*Ex. Pol.*

Enter Monimia.

Cast. Monimia, my angel ! 'twas not kind
To leave me like a turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.
When thou art from me every place is desert,
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn :
Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,

Heal

Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.

Mon. O the bewitching tongues of faithless men !

'Tis thus the false Hyæna makes her moan

To draw the pitying traveller to her den :

Your sex are so, such false dissemblers all :

With sighs and plaints y'entice poor womens hearts,

And all that pity you, are made your prey.

Cast. What means my love ? Oh, how have I deserv'd

This language from the sov'reign of my joys !

Stop, stop these tears, Monimia, for they

Like baneful dew from a disemper'd sky,

I feel 'em chill me to the very heart.

Mon. Oh, you are false, Castalio, most forsworn !

Attempt no farther to delude my faith :

My heart is fixt, and you shall shake't no more.

Cast. Who told you so ? what hell-bred villain durst

Prophane the sacred business of my love ?

Mon. Your brother, knowing on what terms I'm here,

The unhappy object of your father's charity,

Licentiously discours'd to me of love,

And durst affront me with his brutal passion.

Cast. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I ;

False to my brother, and unjust to thee.

For, Oh ! he loves thee too, and this day own'd it,

Tax'd me with mine, and claim'd a right above me.

Mon. And was your love so very tame to shrink ;

Or rather than lose him, abandon me ?

Cast. I, knowing him precipitate and rash,

To calm his heat, and to conceal my happiness,

Seem'd to comply with his unruly will ;

Talk'd as he talk'd, and granted all he ask'd ;

Lest he in rage might have our loves betray'd,

And I for ever had Monimia lost.

Mon. Could you then ? did you ? can you own it too ?

'Twas poorly done, unworthy of yourself !

And I can never think you meant me fair.

Cast. Is this Monimia ? surely no ! till now

I ever thought her dove-like, soft, and kind.

Who trusts his heart with woman's surely lost :

You were made fair on purpose to undo us,

While greedily we snatch th' alluring bait,

And

And ne'er distrust the poison that it hides.

Mon. When love ill-plac'd would find a means to break.

Cast. It never wants pretences or excuse.

Mon. Man therefore was a lord-like creature made,

Rough as the winds and as inconstant too :

A lofty aspect given him for command,

Easily soften'd when he would betray.

Like conqu'ring tyrants, you our breasts invade,

Where you are pleas'd to forage for a while ;

But soon you find new conquests out, and leave

The ravag'd province ruinate and waste.

If so, Castalio, you have serv'd my heart,

I find that desolation's settled there,

And I shall ne'er recover peace again.

Cast. Who can hear this and bear an equal mind ?

Since you will drive me from you, I must go :

But, O Monimia ! when th' hast banish'd me,

No creeping slave, though tractable and-dull,

As artful woman for her ends would choose,

Shall ever dote as I have done : for, Oh !

No tongue my pleasures nor my pains can tell ;

'Tis heaven to have thee, and without thee hell.

Mon. Castalio ! stay ! we must not part. I find

My rage ebbs out, and love flows in apace.

These little quarrels love must needs forgive,

Oh ! charm me with the music of thy tongue,

I'm ne'er so blest as when I hear thy vows,

And listen to the language of thy heart.

Cast. Where am I ! surely Paradise is round me !

Sweets planted by the hand of Heav'n grow here ;

And every sense is full of thy perfection.

To hear thee speak might calm a mad man's frenzy,

Till by attention he forgot his sorrows ;

But to behold thy eyes, th' amazing beauties

Might make him rage again with love, as I do.

Thou Nature's whole perfection in one piece !

Sure, framing thee Heaven took unusual care,

And its own beauty has design'd thee fair,

And form'd thee by the best lov' angel there.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E *a garden.**Enter Polydore and Page.*

Pol. **W**ERE they so kind? Express it to me all
In words, 'twill make me think I saw it too.

Page. At first I thought they had been mortal foes:
Monimia rag'd, Castalio grew disturb'd:
Each thought the other wrong'd; yet both so haughty,
They scorn'd submission, though Love all the while
The rebel play'd, and scarce could be contain'd.

Pol. But what succeeded?

Page. Oh, 'twas wond'rous pretty!
For of a sudden all the storm was past:
A gentle calm of Love succeeded it:
Monimia sigh'd and blush'd, Castalio swore;
As you, my lord, I well remember, did
To my young sister in the orange grove,
When I was first preferr'd to be your page.

Pol. Happy Castalio! Now, by my great soul,
M' ambitious soul, that languishes to glory,
I'll have her yet; by my best hopes, I will.
She shall be mine, in spite of all her arts.
But for Castalio why was I refus'd?
Has he supplanted me by some foul play?
Traduc'd my honour? Death! he durst not do't.
It must be so: we parted, and he met her,
Half to compliance brought by me; surpriz'd
Her thinking virtue, till she yielded quite:
So poachers basely pick up tired game,
While the fair hunter's cheated of his prey.
Boy!

Page. My lord!

Pol. Go to your chamber, and prepare your lute;
Find out some song to please me, that describes
Womens' hypocrisies, their subtil wiles,
Betraying smiles, feign'd tears, inconstancies:
Their painted outsides, and corrupted minds;
The sum of all their follies, and their falshoods.

Enter Servants.

Serv. Oh the unhappy't tidings tongue e'er told!

Pol. The matter!

Serv. Oh! your father, my good master,

As

As with his guests he sat in mirth rais'd high,
 And chas'd the goblet round the joyful board,
 A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his limbs ;
 His eyes distort'd grew : his visage pale :
 His speech forsook him ; life itself seem'd fled,
 And all his friends are waiting now about him.

Enter Acasto leaning on two.

Acast. Support me ; give me air : I'll yet recover.
 'Twas but a slip decaying Nature made ;
 For she grows weary near her journey's end.
 Where are my sons ? Come near, my Polydore !
 Your brother ! where's Castalio ?

Serv. My lord,
 I've search'd, as you commanded, all the house !
 He and Monimia are not to be found.

Acast. Not to be found ! then where are all my friends ?
 'Tis well :

I hope they'll pardon an unhappy fault
 My unmannerly infirmity has made !
 Death could not come in a more welcome hour !
 For I'm prepar'd to meet him ; and, methinks,
 Would live and die with all my friends about me.

Enter Castalio.

Cast. Angels preserve my dearest father's life !
 Bless it with long uninterrupted days !
 Oh ! may he live till Time itself decay,
 'Till good men with him dead, or I offend him !

Acast. Thank you, Castalio : give me both your hands,
 And bear me up : I'd walk : so, now, methinks,
 I appear as great as Hercules himself,
 Supported by the pillars he had rais'd.

Cast. My lord your chaplain.

Acast. Let the good man enter.

Enter Chaplain.

Chap. Heav'n guard your lordship, and restore your
 health !

Acast. I have provided for thee, if I die :
 No fawning ! 'tis a scandal to thy office.
 My sons, as thus united, ever live ;
 And for th' estate, you'll find, when I am dead,
 I have divided it betwixt you both,
 Equally parted, as you shar'd my love :

Only to sweet Monimia I've bequeath'd
Ten thousand crowns ; a little portion for her,
To wed her honourably, as she's born.
Be not less friends because you're brothers.

Enter Serina.

Ser. My father !

Acast. My heart's darling !

Ser. Let my knees

Fix to the earth. Ne'er let my eyes have rest,
But wake and weep, till Heav'n restore my father.

Acast. Rise to my arms, and thy kind pray'rs are
answer'd.

For thou'rt a wond'rous extract of all goodness.
Born for my joy, and no pain's felt when near thee.
Chamont !

Enter Chamont.

Cham. My lord, may't prove not an unlucky omen !
Many I see are wasting round about you,
And I am come to ask a blessing too.

Acast. May't thou be happy !

Cham. Where ?

Acast. In all thy wishes.

Cham. Confirm me so, and make this Fair-one mine :
I am unpractis'd in the trade of courtship,
And know not how to deal love out with art :
Onsets in love seem best like those in war,
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the force ;
So I would open my whole heart at once,
And pour out the abundance of my soul.

Acast. What says Serina ? Canst thou love a soldier ?
One born to honour, and to honour bred ?
One that has learnt to treat e'en foes with kindness ;
To wrong no good man's fame, nor praise himself ?

Ser. Oh ! name not Love, for that's ally'd to Joy,
And Joy must be a stranger to my heart,
When you're in danger. May Chamont's good-fortune
Render him lovely to some happier maid !
Whilst I at friendly distance see him blest,
Praise the kind Gods, and wonder at his virtues.

Acast. Chamont, pursue her, conquer, and possess her,
And, as my son, a third of all my fortune
Shall be thy lot.

But keep thy eyes from wand'ring, man of frailty.

Beware

Beware the dangerous beauty of the wanton,
 Shun their enticements : Ruin, like a vulture,
 Waits on their conquests : falshood too's their business,
 They put false beauty off to all the world,
 Use false endearments to the fools that love 'em,
 And when they marry, to their silly husbands
 They bring false virtue, broken fame and fortune.

Mon. Hear ye that, my lord ?

Pol. Yes, my fair monitor, old men always talk thus.

Acast. Chamont, you told me of some doubts that
 press'd you :

Are you yet satisfy'd that I'm your friend ?

Cham. My lord, I would not lose that satisfaction
 For any blessing I could wish for :

As to my fears, already I have lost 'em :
 They ne'er shall vex me more, nor trouble you.

Acast. I thank you. Daughter, you must do so too.
 My friends, 'tis late :

Now my disorder seems all past and over,
 And I, methinks, begin to feel new health.

Cast. Would you but rest, it might restore you quite.

Acast. Yes, I'll to bed ; old men must humour weak-
 nesses .

Let me have music then, to lull and chase
 This melancholy thought of death away.
 Good-night, my friends ! Heav'n guard ye all ! Good-
 night !

To-morrow early we'll salute the day,
 Find out new pleasures, and redeem lost time.

[*Exeunt all but Chamont and Chaplain.*]

Cham. Hift, hift, Sir Gravity, a word with you.

Chap. With me, Sir !

Cham. If you're at leisure, Sir, we'll waste an hour :
 'Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be charity
 To lend your conversation to a stranger.

Chap. Sir, you're a soldier ?

Cham. Yes.

Chap. I love a soldier :

And had been one myself, but that my parents
 Would make me what you see me : yet I'm honest,
 For all I wear black.

Cham. And that's a wonder.

Have

Have you had long dependance on this family ?

Chap. I have not thought it so, because my time's
Spent pleasantly. My lord's not haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimsical ; he has good nature,
And I have manners :

His sons too are civil to me, because
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are ;
I meddle with no man's business but my own ;
I rise in a morning early, study moderately,
Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly,
Take my innocent pleasures freely ;
So meet with respect, and am not the jest of the family.

Cham. I'm glad you are so happy.
A pleasant fellow this, and may be useful. [*Aside.*
Knew you my father, the old Chamont ?

Chap. I did, and was most sorry when we lost him.

Cham. Why, didst thou love him ?

Chap. Ev'ry body lov'd him ; besides he was my
master's friend.

Cham. I could embrace thee for that very notion.
If thou didst love my father, I could think
Thou woud'st not be an enemy to me.

Chap. I can be no man's foe.

Cham. Then prythee tell me,
Think'st thou the lord Castalio loves my sister ?

Chap. Love your sister !

Cham. Ay, love her !

Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd
her. [*lay*

Cham. How wrong'd her ? have a care, for this may
A scene of mischief to undo us all.
But tell me, wrong'd her ! saidst thou ?

Chap. Ay, Sir, wrong'd her.

Cham. This is a secret worth a monarch's fortune :
What shall I give thee for't ! thou dear physician
Of sickly souls, unfold this riddle to me,
And comfort mine——

Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly.

Cham. By the reverenc'd soul
Of that great honest man that gave me being,
Tell me but what thou know'st concerns my honour.
And if e'er I reveal it to thy wrong,

May this good sword ne'er do me right in battle !
 May I ne'er know that blessed peace of mind,
 That dwells in good and pious men like thee !

Chap. I see your temper's mov'd, and I will trust you.

Cham. Wilt thou ?

Chap. I will ; but if it ever 'scape you——

Cham. It never shall.

Chap. Then this good day, when all the house was busy,
 When mirth and kind rejoicing fill'd each room,
 As I was walking in the grove, I met them.

Cham. What ! met them in the grove together ? tell me
 How, walking, standing, sitting, lying, hah !

Chap. I, by her own appointment, met them there,
 Receiv'd their marriage-vows, and join'd their hands.

Cham. How ! marry'd ?

Chap. Yes, Sir.

Chap. Then my soul's at peace :

But why would you so long delay to give it ?

Chap. Not knowing what reception it may find
 With old Acasto ; may be I was too cautious
 To trust the secret from me.

Cham. What's the cause

I cannot guess, though 'tis my sister's honour,
 I do not like this marriage,

Huddled i' the dark, and done at too much venture ;
 The business looks with an unlucky face.

Keep still the secret ; for it ne'er shall 'scape me,
 Not ev'n to them, the new-match'd pair. Farewell.

Believe my truth, and know me for thy friend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Castalio and Monimia.

Cast. Young Chamont and the chaplain ! sure 'tis they !
 No matter what's contriv'd, or who consulted,
 Since my Monimia's mine ; though this sad look
 Seems no good boding omen to her blifs ;

Else prithee tell me why that look cast down ?
 Why that sad sigh as if thy heart was breaking ?

Mon. Castalio, I am thinking what we've done :
 The heavenly Powers were sure displeas'd to-day ;
 For at the ceremony as we stood,

And as your hand was kindly join'd with mine ;
 As the good priest pronounc'd the sacred words,

Passion grew big, and I could not forbear,

Tears drown'd my eyes, and trembling seiz'd my soul.

What shou'd that mean ?

Cast. Oh, thou art tender all !
Gentle and kind as symphathising Nature !
But wherefore do I dally with my bliss ?
The night's far spent, and day draws on apace :
To bed, my love, and wake till I come thither.

Pol. So hot, my brother ? [Polydore at the Door.

Mon. 'Twill be impossible :

You know your father's chamber's next to mine,
And the least noise will certainly alarm him.

Cast. Impossible ? impossible ? alas !
Is't possible to live one hour without thee ?

Mon. 'Tis but one night, my lord ; I pray be rul'd.

Cast. Try if th'ast power to stop a flowing tide,
Or in a tempest make the seas be calm ;
And when that's done I'll conquer my desires :
No more, my blessing ! What shall be the sign ?
When shall I come ? for to my joys I'll steal,
As if I ne'er had paid my freedom for them.

Mon. Just three soft strokes upon the chamber door ;
And at that signal you shall gain admittance :
But speak not the least word ; for if you shou'd,
'Tis surely heard, and all will be betray'd.

Cast. Oh ! doubt it not, Monimia ; our joys
Shall be as silent as the ecstatic bliss
Of souls, that by intelligence converse ;
Immortal pleasures shall our senses drown,
Thought shall be lost, and every power dissolv'd !
Away, my love !

I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute past.

[Exit Mon.]

My brother wand'ring too so late this way ?

Pol. Castalio !

Cast. My Polydore, how dost thou ?
How does our father ? is he well recover'd ?

Pol. I left him happily repos'd to rest :
He's still as gay as if his life was young.
But how does fair Monimia ?

Cast. Doubtless well :

A cruel beauty with her conquest pleas'd
Is always joyful, and her mind in health.

Pol. Is she the same Monimia still she was ?

May we not hope she's made of mortal mould ?

Cast. She's not woman else :
 Tho' I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping ;
 We've in a barren desert stray'd too long.

Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
 And Love's sweet manna cover all the field.
 Met ye to-day ?

Cast. No ; she has still avoided me :
 Her brother too is jealous of her grown,
 And has been hinting something to my father ;
 I wish I'd never meddled with the matter :
 And wou'd enjoin thee, Polydore——

Pol. To what ?

Cast. To leave this peevish Beauty to herself.

Pol. What quit my Love ? as soon I'd quit my post
 In fight, and like a coward run away.

No, by my stars, I'll chace her till she yields
 To me, or meets her rescue in another.

Cast. Nay, she has beauty that might shake the leagues
 Of mighty kings, and set the world at odds ;
 But I have wond'rous reasons on my side,
 That wou'd persuade thee, were they known.

Pol. Then speak 'em :

What are they ? Came ye to her window here
 To learn 'em now ? *Castalio*, have a care ;
 Use honest dealing with a friend and brother.
 Believe me, I'm not with my love so blinded,
 But I can discern your purpose to abuse me :
 Quit your pretences to her.

Cast. Grant I do ;
 You love capitulations, Polydore,
 And but upon conditions would oblige me.

Pol. You say you've reasons ; why are they conceal'd ?

Cast. To-morrow I may tell you.

“ *Pol.* Why not now ?

“ *Cast.*” It is a matter of such circumstance,
 As I must well consult ere I reveal.
 But prythee cease to think I wou'd abuse thee,
 'Till more be known.

Pol. When you, *Castalio*, cease
 To meet *Monimia* unknown to me,
 And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease
 To think *Castalio* faithless to his friend :
 Did I not see you part this very moment ?

Cast. It seems you've watch'd me then ?

Pol. I scorn the office.

Cast. Prythee avoid a thing thou may'st repent.

Pol. That is henceforth making leagues with you.

Cast. Nay, if ye're angry, Polydore, good-night. [*Ex.*]

Pol. Good-night, Castalio, if ye're in such haste.

He little thinks I've over-heard th' appointment:

But to his chamber's gone to wait awhile,

Then come and take possession of my love :

This is the utmost point of all my hopes ;

Or now she must, or never can be mine.

Oh ! for a means now how to counterplot,

And disappoint this happy elder brother :

In ev'ry thing we do or undertake,

He soars above me, mount what height I can,

And keeps the start he got of me in birth.

Cordelio !

Enter Page.

Page. My lord !

Pol. Come hither, boy !

Thou hast a pretty forward lying face,

And may'st in time expect preferment ; canst thou

Pretend to secrecy, cajole and flatter

Thy master's follies, and assist his pleasures ?

Page. My lord, I could do any thing for you,

And ever be a very faithful boy.

Command, whate'er's your pleasure I'll observe ;

Be it to run, or watch, or to convey

A letter to a beauteous lady's bosom ;

At least, I am not dull, and soon should learn.

Pol. 'Tis pity then thou should'st not be employ'd.

Go to my brother, he is in his chamber now

Undressing, and preparing for his rest ;

Find out some means to keep him up awhile :

Tell him a pretty story that may please

His ear : invent a tale, no matter what :

If he should ask of me, tell I'm gone

To bed, and sent you there to know his pleasure,

Whether he'll hunt to-morrow. Well said, Polydore,

Dissemble with thy brother ! that's one point.

But do not leave him till he's in bed,

Or if he chance to walk again this way,

Follow, and do not quit him, but seem fond

To do him little offices of service.

Perhaps at last it may offend him ; then
Retire, and wait till I come in. Away :
Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.

Page. Doubt not, my lord : he has been always kind
To me ; would often set me on his knees,
Then give me sweet-meats, call me pretty boy,
And ask me what the maids talk'd of at nights.

Pol. Run quickly then, and prosp'rous be thy wishes.

[*Exit Page.*]

Here I'm alone, and fit for mischief ; now
To cheat his brother, will't be honest that ?
I heard the sign she ordered him to give.
Oh for the art of Proteus but to change
Th' unhappy Polydore to blest Castalio !
She not so well acquainted with him yet,
But I may fit her arms as well as he.
Then when I'm happily possess'd of more
Than sense can think, all loosen'd into joy,
To hear my disappointed brother come,
And give unregarded signal ; Oh !
What a malicious pleasure will that be !
Just three soft strokes against the chamber door,
But speak not the least word, for if you should,
It's surely heard, and we are both betray'd.
How I adore a mistress that contrives
With care to lay the business of her joys !
One that has wit to charm the very soul !
And give a double relish to delight !
Blest Heav'ns, assist me but in this dear hour,
And my kind stars be but propitious now,
Dispose of me hereafter as you please !

Monimia ! Monimia ! [Gives the sign.]

[Maid at the window.] Who's there ?

Pol. 'Tis I.

Maid. My lord Castalio ?

Pol. The same ;

How does my love, my dear Monimia ?

Maid. Oh !

She wonders much at your unkind delay ;
You've staid so long that at each little noise
The wind but makes, she asks if you coming.

Pol. Tell her I'm here, and let the door be open'd.

[Maid descends.]

Now boast, Castalio, triumph now and tell
Thyself strange stories of a promis'd bliss !

[The door unbolts.]

It opens : Ha ! what means my trembling flesh !
Limbs, do your office, and support me well,
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can.

[Exit.]

Enter Castalio and Page.

Page. Indeed, my lord, 'twill be a lovely morning ;
Pray let us hunt.

Cast. Go, you're an idle pratler,
I'll stay at home to-morrow ; if your lord
Thinks fit, he may command my hounds : go leave me,
I must to bed.

Page. I'll wait upon your lordship,
If you think fit, and sing you to repose.

Cast. No, my kind boy, the Night is too far wasted ;
My senses are quite disrob'd of thought,
And ready all with me to go to rest.
Good-night : commend me to my brother.

Page. Oh !

You never heard the last new song I learn'd ;
It is the finest, prettiest song indeed,
Of my lord and my lady, you know who, that were
caught

Together, you know where. My lord, indeed it is.

Cast. You must be whipt, youngster, if you get such
songs as those are.

What means this boy's impertinence to-night ?

Page. Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear lord ?

Cast. Psalms, child, psalms.

Page. O dear me ! boys that go to school learn psalms ;
But pages, that are better bred, sing lampoons.

Cast. Well, leave me ; I'm weary.

Page. Oh ! but you promised me, last time I told you
what colour my lady Monimia's stockings were of, and
that she garter'd them above knee, that you would give
me a little horse to go a hunting upon, so you did. I'll
tell you no more stories, except you keep your word with
me.

Cast. Well, go, you trisler, and to-morrow ask me.

Page. Indeed, my lord, I can't abide to leave you.

Cast. Why, wert thou instructed to attend me ?

Page.

Page. No, no, indeed, my lord, I was not :
But, I know what I know. [mean I

Cast. What dost thou know ? death ! what can all this

Page. Oh ! I know who loves somebody.

Cast. What's that to me, boy ?

Page. Nay, I know who loves you too.

Cast. That's a wonder ! prithee tell it me.

Page. 'Tis—'tis—I know who—but will
You give me the horse then ?

Cast. I will, my child.

Page. It is my Lady Monimia, look you, but don't
you tell her I told you : she'll give me no more play-
things then. I heard her say so, as she lay a bed, man.

Cast. Talk'd she of me when in her bed, Cordelio ?

Page. Yes ; and I sung her the song you made too ;
And she did so sigh, and look with her eyes ;
And her breasts did so lift up and down, I could have
found in my heart to have beat 'em, for they made me
asham'd.

Cast. Hark ! What's that noise ?
Take this, be gone, and leave me.
You knave, you little flatterer, get you gone. [*Ex. Page.*
Surely it was a noise, hift !—only fancy.
For all is hush'd, as Nature were retir'd,
So much she from her work appears to cease,
And ev'ry warring element's at peate ;
All the wild Herds are in the coverts couch'd ;
The Fishes to their bank or ouze repair'd,
And to the murmurs of the waters sleep ;
The feeling Air's at rest, and feels no noise ;
Except of some soft breaths among the trees,
Rocking the harmless Birds to rest upon 'em.
'Tis now that, guided by my Love, I go
To take possession of Monimia's arms.
Sure Polydore's by this time gone to bed.
At midnight thus the Us'rer steals untrack'd,
To make a visit to his hoarded gold,
And feasts his eyes upon the shining mammon. [*Knocks.*
She hears me not ; sure she already sleeps,
Her wishes could not brook so long delay,
And her poor heart has beat itself to rest
Once more—

[*Knocks.*
[*Knocks again.*
Maid.

Maid. Who's there?

That comes thus rudely to disturb our rest?

Cast. 'Tis I.

Maid. Who are you? what's your name?

Cast. Suppose the Lord Castalio.

Maid. I know you not.

The Lord Castalio has no business here.

Cast. Hah! have a care! what can this mean?

Whoe'er thou art, I charge thee to Monimia fly:

Tell her I'm here, and wait upon my doom.

Maid. Whoe're you are, ye may repent this outrage:

My Lady must not be disturb'd. Good-night!

Cast. She must! tell her she shall! go, I'm in haste!

And bring her tidings from the state of Love;

Th' are all in consultation met together,

How to reward my truth, and crown her vows.

Maid. Sure the man's mad!

Cast. Or this will make me so;

Obeys me, or, by all the wrongs I suffer,

I'll scale the window, and come in by force,

Let the sad consequence be what it will!

This creature's trifling folly makes me mad!

Maid. My Lady's answer is, you may depart:

She says she knows you: you are Polydore,

Sent by Castalio, as you were to-day,

T' affront and do her violence again.

Cast. I'll not believe't.

Maid. You may, Sir.

Cast. Curses blast thee!

Maid. Well, 'tis a fine cool ev'ning! and I hope

May cure the raging fever in your blood!

Good-night!

Cast. And farewell all that's just in woman!

This is contriv'd, a studied trick to abuse

My easy nature, and torment my mind!

Death and torment;

'Tis impudence to think my soul will bear it!

Oh! I could grow ev'n wild, and tear my hair!

'Tis well, Monimia, that thy empire's short!

Let but to-morrow, but to-morrow come,

And try if all thy arts appease my wrong;

'Till when be this detested place my bed, [*Lies down.*]

Where I will ruminate on woman's ills;

Laugh at myself, and curse th' inconstant sex :
Faithless Monimia ! O Monimia !

Enter Ernesto.

Ern. Either

My sense has been deluded, or this way
I heard the sound of Sorrow ; 'tis late night,
And none whose minds at peace would wander now.

Cast. Who's there ?

Ern. Castalio ! My Lord, why in this posture,
Stretch'd on the ground ? your honest true old servant,
Your poor Ernesto, cannot see you thus,
Rise, I beseech you.

Cast. If thou art Ernesto,
As by thy honesty thou seem'st to be,
Once leave me to my folly.

Ern. I can't leave you,
And not the reason known of your disorders.
Remember how, when young, I in my arms
Have often borne you, pleas'd you in your pleasures,
And sought an early share in you affection :
Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.

Cast. Thou canst not serve me.

Ern. Why ?

Cast. Because my thoughts
Are full of woman ; thou, poor wretch, are past 'em.

Ern. I hate the sex.

Cast. Then I'm thy friend, Ernesto ! [Rises.]
I'd leave the world for him that hates a woman !
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty !
What mighty ills have not been done by Woman ?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol ? A Woman !
Who lost Mark Anthony the World ? A Woman !
Who was the cause of a long-ten years war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes ? Woman !
Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman !
Woman to Man first as a blessing giv'n ;
When innocence and love were in their prime,
Happy awhile in Paradise they lay ;
But quickly woman long'd to go astray :
Some foolish new adventure need musts prove,
And the first devil she saw she chang'd her love ;
To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd
Her soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE *a Saloon.*

Acasto solus.

BLEST be the morning that has brought me health!
A happy rest has soften'd pain away,
And I'll forget it, though my mind's not well :
A heavy melancholy clogs my heart ;
I droop and sigh, I know not why. Dark dreams,
Sick Fancy's children, have been over-busy,
And all the night play'd farces in my brains :
Methought I heard the mid-night raven cry ;
Wak'd with th' imagin'd noise, my curtain seem'd
To start, and at my feet my sons appear'd,
Like ghosts, all pale and stiff : I strove to speak,
But could not : suddenly the forms were lost,
And seem'd to vanish in a bloody cloud.
'Twas odd, and for present shook my thoughts ;
But 'twas th' effect of distemper'd blood ;
And when the health's disturb'd, the mind's unruly.

Enter Polydore.

Good morning, Polydore.

Pol. Heav'n keep your lordship.

Acast. Have you yet seen Castalio to-day ?

Pol. My lord, 'tis early day : he's hardly risen.

Acast. Go, call him up, and meet me in the chapel.

[Exit Polydore.]

I cannot think all has gone well to-night ;
For as I waking lay (and sure my sense
Was then my own) methought I heard my son
Castalio's voice ; but it seem'd low and mournful :
Under my window too I thought I heard it :
M' untoward fancy could not be deceiv'd
In every thing ; and I will search the truth out.

Enter Monimia and her Maid.

Already up, Monimia ! you rose

Thus early surely to outshine the day !

Or was there any thing that cross'd your rest ?

They were naughty thoughts that would not let you sleep.

Mon. Whatever are my thoughts, my lord, I've learnt
By your example to correct their ills,

And morn and evening give up the account.

Acast. Your pardon, sweet one, I upbraid you not ;

Or

Or if I would, you are so good, I could not ;
Heard you no noise to-night ?

Mon. Noise ! my good Lord !

Acast. About midnight.

Mon. Indeed, my Lord, I don't remember any.

Acast. You must sure ! went you early to your rest ?

Mon. About the wonted hour. Why this enquiry ?
[*A side.*]

Acast. And went your maid to bed too ?

Mon. My lord, I guess so ;

I've seldom known her disobey my orders.

Acast. Sure goblins then, or fairies haunt the dwelling ;

I'll have enquiry made through all the house,

But I'll find out the cause of these disorders.

Good day to thee, Monimia — I'll to chapel.

[*Exit Acasto.*]

Mon. I'll but dispatch some orders to my woman ;
And wait upon your lordship there :

I fear the priest has play'd us false ; if so,

My poor Castalio loses all for me.

I wonder though he made such haste to leave me ;

Was't not unkind, Florella ? surely 'twas !

He scarce afforded one kind parting word,

But went away so cold ; the kiss he gave me,

Seem'd the forc'd compliment of fated love.

Would I had never marry'd !

Maid. Why ?

Mon. Methinks

The scene's quite alter'd ; I am not the same ;

I've bound up for myself a weight of cares,

And how the burden will be borne, none knows.

A husband may be jealous, rigid, false !

And should Castalio e'er prove so to me,

So tender is my heart, so nice my love,

'Twould ruin and distract my rest for ever.

Maid. Madam, he's coming.

Mon. Where, Florella ? where ?

Is he returning ? To my chamber lead ;

I'll meet him there : the mysteries of our love

Should be kept private, as religious rites,

From the unhallow'd view of common eyes.

[*Exeunt Monimia and Maid.*]

SCENE

SCENE *a Chamber.*

Enter Castalio.

Cast. With'd morning's come! And now upon the plains
And distant mountains where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born Day.
The chearful birds too, on the tops of trees,
Asssemble all in choirs, and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.
There's no condition sure so curs'd as mine,
I'm married! 'Sdeath! I'm sped. How like a dog
Look'd Hercules, thus to a distaff chain'd?
Monimia! O Monimia!

Enter Monimia and Maid.

Mon. I come!

I fly to my ador'd Castalio's arms,
My wishes lord. May ev'ry morn begin
Like this; and with our days our loves renew!
Now I may hope y'are satisfy'd——

[Looking languishingly on him.]

Cast. I am

Well satisfy'd, that thou art——Oh——

Mon. What? speak:

Art thou not well, Castalio? Come lean
Upon my breast, tell me where's thy pain!

Cast. 'Tis here; 'tis in my head; 'tis in my heart;
'Tis every where: it rages like a madness;
And I most wonder how my reason holds.
No more, Monimia, of your sex's arts;
They're useless all: I'm not that plaint too!,
That necessary utensil you'd make me;
I know my charter better——I am man,
Obstinate man; and will not be enslav'd.

Mon. You shall not fear't: indeed my nature's easy;
I'll ever live your most obedient wife!
Nor ever any privilege pretend
Beyond your will: for that shall be my law:
Indeed I will not.

Cast. Nay, you shall not, Madam;
By yon bright Heav'n, you shall not: all the day
I'll play the tyrant, and at night forsake thee;
Till by afflictions, and continu'd cares,

E .

I've

I've worn thee to a homely household drudge :
 Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made
 Subservient to all my looser pleasures ;
 For thou hast wrong'd Castalio.

Mon. No more :

Oh kill me here, or tell me my offence !
 I'll never quit you else ; but on these knees,
 Thus follow you all day, 'till they're worn bore,
 And hang upon you like a drowning creature.

Castalio! —

Cast. Away ! last night, last night !

Mon. It was our wedding-night !

Cast. No more ! forget it.

Mon. Why ! do you then repent ?

Cast. I do.

Mon. O Heaven !

And will not leave me thus ! Help, help, Florella !

[He drags her to the door, and breaks from her.]

Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel man !

Oh, my heart breaks !—I'm dying ! Oh !—

Castalio ! Oh ! how often has he swore
 Nature should change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,
 Ere he would falsify his vows to me !
 Make haste, Confusion, then ! Sun, lose thy light,
 And stars drop dead with sorrow to the Earth,
 For my *Castalio's* false !
 False as the Wind, the Waters, or the Weather !
 Cruel as Tygers o'er their trembling prey !
 I feel him in my breast, he tears my heart,
 And at each sigh he drinks the gushing blood !
 Must I be long in pain !

Enter Chamont.

Cham. In tears, *Monimia* !

Mon. Whoe'er thou art,

Leave me alone to my belov'd Despair !

Cham. Lift up thy eyes, and see who comes to cheer thee !
 Tell me the story of thy wrongs, and then
 See if my soul has rest till thou hast justice.

Mon. My brother !

Cham. Yes, *Monimia* ; if thou think'st
 That I deserve the name, I am thy brother.

Mon. O *Castalio* !

Cham.

Cham. Ha !

Name me that name again ! my soul's on fire
Till I know all ! there's meaning in that name :
I know thy husband : therefore trust me
With all the following truth——

Mon. Indeed, Chamont,
There's nothing in it but the fault of Nature :
I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with grief,
I know not why.

Cham. You use me ill, Monimia :
And I might think with justice most severely
Of this unfaithful dealing with your brother.

Mon. Truly, I'm not to blame : suppose I'm fond
And grieve for what as much may please another ?
Should I upbraid the dearest friend on earth
For the first fault ? you would not do so, would you ?

Cham. Not if I'd cause to think it was a friend.

Mon. Why do you then call this unfaithful dealing ?
I never conceal'd my soul from you before :
Bear with me now, and search my wounds no farther ;
For every probing pains me to the heart.

Cham. 'Tis sign there's danger in't, and must be prob'd.
Where's your new husband ? still that thought disturbs you !
What ! only answer me with tears ! Castalio !
Nay, now they stream :

Cruel, unkind Castalio ! Is't not so ?

Mon. I cannot speak ; Grief flows so fast upon me,
It chokes, and will not let me tell the cause.
Oh !

Cham. My Monimia ! to my soul thou'rt dear
As honour to my name :
Why wilt thou not repose within my breast
The anguish that torments thee ?

Mon. Oh ! I dare not.

Cham. I have no friend but thee : we must confide
In one another : two unhappy orphans,
Alas ! we are ; and when I see thee grieve,
Methinks it is a part of Me that suffers.

Mon. Could you be secret ?

Cham. Secret as the grave.

Mon. But, when I've told you, will you keep your fury
Within its bounds ? will you not do some rash

And horrid mischief? for indeed, Chamont,
You would not think how hardly I have been us'd
From a near friend? from one that has my soul
A slave, and therefore treats it like a tyrant.

Cham. I will be calm: but has Castalio wrong'd thee
Has he already wasted all his love?
What has he done? quickly! for I'm all trembling
With expectation of a horrid tale!

Mon. Oh! could you think it!

Cham. What!

Mon. I fear he'll kill me.

Cham. Ha!

Mon. Indeed I do: he's strangely cruel to me;
Which, if it last, I'm sure must break my heart.

Cham. What has he done?

Mon. Most barbarously us'd me:
Nothing so kind as he when in my arms!
At dawn of day he rose, and left his conquest.
But when we met, and I with open arms
Ran to embrace the lord of all my wishes,
Oh then!

Cham. Go on!

Mon. He threw me from his breast,
Like a detested sin.

Cham. How!

Mon. As I hung too
Upon his knees, and begg'd to know the cause,
He dragg'd me like a slave upon the earth,
And had no pity on my cries.

Mon. How! did he
Dash thee disdainfully away with scorn!

Mon. He did!

Cham. What, throw thee from him!

Mon. Yes, indeed he did!

Cham. So may this arm
Throw him to the earth, like a dead dog despis'd:
Lameness and leprosy, blindness and lunacy,
Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of villain,
Light on me, if Castalio, I forgive thee.

Mon. Nay, now Chamont, art thou unkind as he is!
Didst thou not promise me thou would'st be calm?
Keep my disgrace conceal'd? why shouldst thou kill him?

By

By all my love, this arm should do him vengeance.
 Alas! I love him still! and though I ne'er
 Clasp him again within these longing arms,
 Yet bless him, bless him (Gods!), where'er he goes.

Enter Acasto.

Acast. Sure some ill fate is towards me: in my house
 Only meet with oddness and disorder:
 Just this very moment
 I met Castalio too——

Cham. Then you met a villain!

Acast. Ha!

Cham. Yes, a villain!

Acast. Have a care, young soldier,
 How thou'rt too busy with Acasto's fame:
 I have a sword, my arm's good old acquaintance,
 Villain to thee——

Cham. Curse on thy scandalous age,
 Which hinders me to rush upon thy throat;
 And tear up the root of that curs'd bramble!

Acast. Ungrateful ruffian! sure my good old friend
 Was ne'er thy father! nothing of him's in thee!
 What have I done in my unhappy age,
 To be thus us'd! I scorn to upbraid thee, boy!
 But I could put thee in remembrance——

Cham. Do!

Acast. I scorn it——

Cham. No. I'll calmly hear the story,
 For I would fain know all, to see which scale
 Weighs most——Ha! is not that good old Acasto!
 What have I done! can you forgive this folly?

Acast. Why dost thou ask it!

Cham. 'Twas the rude o'erflowing
 Of too much passion: pray, my lord, forgive me.

[Kneels.]

Acast. Mock me not, youth! I can revenge a wrong.

Cham. I know it well; but for this thought of mine,
 Pity a mad man's frenzy, and forget it.

Acast. I will; but, henceforth, prithee be more kind.

[Raises him.]

Whence came the cause?

Cham. Indeed I've been to blame;
 For you have been my father:

You've been her father too——

[Takes Monimia by the hand]

Acast. Forbear the prologue——

And let me know the substance of thy tale.

Cham. You took her up a little tender flower,
Just sprouting on a bank, which the next frost
Had nipt; and with a careful loving hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines: there long she flourish'd
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,
Till at last a cruel spoiler came,
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.

Acast. You talk to me in parables, Chamont:
You may have known that I'm no wordy man:
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves
Or fools that use 'em, when they want good-sense:
But honesty
Needs no disguise nor ornament. Be plain.

Cham. Your son——

Acast. I've two; and both, I hope, have honour.

Cham. I hope so too——but——

Acast. Speak.

Cham. I must inform you,
Once more, Castalio!

Acast. Still Castalio!

Cham. Yes:

Your son, Castalio, has wrong'd Monimia!

Acast. Ha! wrong'd her!

Cham. Marry'd her.

Acast. I'm sorry for't.

Cham. Why sorry?

By yon blest Heav'n, there's not a lord
But might be proud to take her to his heart.

Acast. I'll not deny't.

Cham. You dare not, by the Gods,
You dare not: all your family combin'd,
In one damn'd falsehood to outdo Castalio,
Dare not deny't.

Acast. How has Castalio wrong'd her?

Cham. Ask that of him: I say, my sister's wrong'd
Monimia, my sister, born as high

And noble as Castalio——Do her justice,
Or, by the Gods, I'll lay a scene of blood
Shall make this dwelling horrible to Nature.
I'll do't: hark you, my lord, your son, Castalio,
Take him to your closet, and there teach him manners.

Acast. You shall have justice.

Cham. Nay, I will have justice!
Who'll sleep in safety, that has done me wrong?
My lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat
The cause of this; I beg you (to preserve
Your house's honour) ask it of Castalio.

Acast. I will.

Cham. 'Till then farewell——

[*Exit.*

Acast. Farewell, proud boy.
Monimia!

Mon. My lord.

Acast. You are my daughter.

Mon. I am, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.

Acast. When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a
father. [*Exit.*

Mon. Now I'm undone for ever: who on earth
Is there so wretched as Monimia?
First by Castalio cruelly forsaken;
I've lost Acasto now: his parting frowns
May well instruct me, rage is in his heart:
My cruel brother
Is framing mischiefs too, for ought I know,
That may produce bloodshed and horrid murder!
I would not be the cause of one man's death,
To reign the empress of the earth; nay more,
I'd rather lose for ever my Castalio,
My dear unkind Castalio!

Enter Polydore.

Pol. Monimia weeping!

I come, my love, to kiss all sorrow from thee:
What mean these sighs? and why thus beats thy heart?

Mon. Let me alone to sorrow: 'tis a cause
None e'er shall know; but it shall with me die.

Pol. Happy, Monimia, he to whom these sighs,
These tears, and all these languishings are paid!
I am no stranger to your dearest secret:
I know your heart was never meant for me;

That

That jewel's for an elder brother's price.

Mon. My lord!

Pol. Nay, wonder not: last night I heard
His oaths, your vows, and to my torment saw
Your wild embraces: heard the appointment made,
I did, Monimia, and I curs'd the sound.
Wilt thou be sworn, my love? wilt thou be ne'er
Unkind again?

Mon. Banish such fruitless hopes!
Have you swore constancy to my undoing!
Will you be ne'er my friend again!

Pol. What means my love!

Mon. Away! what meant my lord:
Last night!

Pol. Is that a question now to be demanded?
I hope Monimia was not much displeas'd.

Mon. Was it well done to treat me like a prostitute?
T' assault my lodging at the dead of night,
And threaten me if I deny'd admittance——
You said you were Castalio——

Pol. By those eyes,
It was the same: I spent my time much better:
I tell thee, ill natured Fair-one, I was posted
To more advantage; on a pleasant hill
Of springing joy, and everlasting sweetness.

Mon. Ha!—have a care!——

Pol. Where is the danger near me!

Mon. I fear you're on a rock will wreck your quiet,
And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever:
A thousand horrid thoughts croud on my memory.
Will you be kind, and answer me one question?

Pol. I'd trust thee with my life: on those soft breasts
Breathe out the choicest secrets of my heart,
Till I had nothing in it left but love.

Mon. Nay, I'll conjure you by the Gods and angels,
By th' honour of your name, that's most concern'd,
To tell me, Polydore, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last night?

Pol. Within thy arms
I triumph'd: rest had been my foe.

Mon. 'Tis done——

Pol. She faints! no help! who waits! a curse

[*She faints.*

Upon

Upon my vanity, that could not keep
The secret of my happiness in silence!
Confusion! we shall be surpriz'd anon;
And consequently all must be betray'd,
Monimia! she breathes!—Monimia!—

Mon. Well——

Let mischiefs multiply! let ev'ry hour
Of my loath'd life yield me increase of horror!
O let the Sun, to these unhappy eyes,
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May every thing I look on seem a prodigy,
To fill my soul with terrors, till I quite
Forget I ever had humanity,
And grow a curser of the works of Nature!

Pol. What means all this?

Mon. O Polydore! if all
The friendship e'er you vow'd to good Castalio
Be not a falsehood; if you ever lov'd
Your brother, you've undone yourself and me.

Pol. Which way can ruin reach the man that's rich,
As I am in possession of thy sweetness?

Mon. Oh! I'm his wife!

Pol. What says Monimia! ha!

Mon. I'm Castalio's wife!

Pol. His marry'd, wedded wife!

Mon. Yesterday's sun
Saw it perform'd!

Pol. And then have I enjoy'd
My brother's wife!

Mon. As surely as we both
Must taste of misery, that guilt is thine!

Pol. Oh! thou may'st yet be happy!

Mon. Could'st thou be
Happy, with such a weight upon thy soul?

Pol. It may be yet a secret: I'll go try
To reconcile and bring Castalio to thee;
Whilst from the world I take myself away,
And waste my life in penance for my sin.

Mon. Then thou wouldest more undo me: heap a load
Of added sins upon my wretched head!
Wouldst thou again have me betray thy brother,
And bring pollution to his arms? curst thought!

Oh!

Oh! when shall I be mad indeed! [Exit Monimia.

Pol. Then thus I'll go,

Full of my guilt, distracted where to roam,
I'll find some place where adders nest in winter
Loathsome and venomous: where poisons hang
Like gums against the walls: where witches meet
By night, and feed upon some pamper'd imp,
Fat with the blood of babes: there we'll inhabit,
And live up to the height of desperation:
Desire shall languish like a withering flower,
Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing harms,
And I'll no more be caught with Beauty's charms.

[Exit.

A C T V. S C E N E *a Garden.*

Castalio lying on the Ground.

Cast. SEE where the Deer trot after one another,
Male, female, father, daughter, mother, son,
Brother and sister, mingled all together!
No discontent they know; but in delightful
Wildness and freedom, pleasant springs, fresh herbage,
Calm harbours, lusty health and innocence,
Enjoy their portion: if they see a man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the monster—
Once in a season too the taste of love:
Only the beast of reason is its slave,
And in that folly drudges all the year.

Enter Acasto.

Acast. Castalio! Castalio!

Cast. Who's there

So wretched but to name Castalio!

Acast. I hope my message may succeed!

Cast. My father!

'Tis joy to see you, tho' where Sorrow's nourish'd.

Acast. Castalio, you must go along with me,
And see Monimia.

Cast. see Monimia!

Cast. I say, no more dispute.

Complaints

Complaints are made to me, that you have wrong'd her.

Cast. Who has complain'd?

Acast. Her brother to my face proclaim'd her wrong'd,
And in such terms they've warm'd me.

Cast. What terms? Her brother! Heav'n!
Where learnt she that?

What, does she send her hero with defiance?

He durst not, sure, affront you?

Acast. No, not much:

But——

Cast. Speak, what said he?

Acast. That thou wert a villain:
Methinks I would not have thee thought a villain.

Cast. Shame on th' ill-manner'd brute!
Your age secur'd him; he durst not else have said so.

Acast. By my sword,
I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely:
Though I pass'd my word she shall have justice.

Cast. Justice! to give her justice would undo her:
Think you this solitude I now have chosen,
Left joys just op'ning to my sense, fought here
A place to curse my fate in, measur'd out
My grave at length, wish'd to have grown one piece
With this cold clay, and all without a cause?

Enter Chamont.

Cham. Where is the hero, famous and renown'd
For wronging Innocence and breaking vows;
Whose mighty spirit, and whose stubborn heart,
No Woman can appease, nor Man provoke?

Acast. I guess, Chamont, you come to seek Castalio.

Cham. I come to seek the Husband of Monimia.

Cast. The slave is here.

Cham. I thought ere now to've found you
Atoning for the ills you've done Chamont:
For you have wrong'd the dearest part of him.
Monimia, young lord, weeps in this heart;
And all the tears thy injuries have drawn
From her poor eyes, are drops of blood from hence.

Cast. Then you are Chamont?

Cham. Yes, and I hope no stranger
To the great Castalio.

Cast. I've heard of such a man

That

That has been very busy with my honour :
 I own I'm much indebted to you, Sir,
 And here return the villain back again
 You sent me by my father.

Cham. Thus I'll thank you.

[*Draws.*

Acast. By this good sword, who first presumes to violence,
 Makes me his foe——

[*Draws and interposes.*

Cast. Sir, in my younger years with care you taught me,
 That brave revenge was due to injur'd honour :
 Oppose not then the justice of my sword,
 Lest you should make me jealous of your love.

Cham. Into thy father's arms thou fly'st for safety,
 Because thou know'st that place is sanctify'd
 With the remembrance of an ancient friendship.

Cast. I am a villain, if I will not seek thee,
 Till I may be reveng'd for all the wrongs
 Done me by that ungrateful Fair thou plead'st for.

Cham. She wrong'd thee ! by the fury in my heart,
 Thy father's honour's not above Monimia's ;
 Nor was thy mother's truth and virtue fairer.

Acast. Boy, don't disturb the ashes of the dead
 With thy capricious follies : the remembrance
 Of the lov'd creature once fill'd these arms——

Cham. Has not been wrong'd.

Cast. It shall not.

Cham. No, nor shall

Monimia, though a helpless Orphan, destitute
 Of friends and fortune, though th' unhappy sister
 Of poor Chamont, whose sword is all his portion,
 B' oppress'd by thee, thou proud imperious traitor !

Cast. Hah ! set me free.

Cham. Come both.

Enter Serina.

Ser. Alas ! alas !

The cause of these disorders ? my Chamont !
 Who is't has wrong'd thee ?

Cast. Now, where art thou fled
 For shelter ?

Cham. Come from thine, and see what safeguard
 Shall then betray my fears.

Ser. Cruel Castalio,

Sheath up thy angry sword, and don't affright me :

Chamont,

Chamont, let once Serina calm thy breast :
If any of my friends have done thee injuries,
I'll be reveng'd, and love thee better for't.

Cast. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take
This opportunity to shew your vanity,
Let's meet some other time, when by ourselves
We fairly may dispute our wrongs together.

Cham. Till then, I'm Castalio's friend.

Cast. Serina,
Farewell, I wish much happiness attend you.

Ser. Chamont's the dearest thing I have on earth :
Give me Chamont, and let the word forsake me.

Cham. Witness the Gods, how happy I'm in thee !
Angry, unkind Castalio,
Suppose I should a-while lay by my passions,
And be a beggar in Monimia's cause,
Might I be heard ?

Cast. Sir, it was my last request,
You would (though I find you will not) be satisfy'd ;
So, in a word, Monimia is my scorn :
She basely sent you here to try my fears :
That was your business :
Disquiet vex her for't.

Cham. Farewell. [Exeunt Cham. and Ser.

Cast. Farewell—My father, you seem troubled !

Acast. Would I'd been absent when this boist'rous
Brave

Came to disturb thee thus : I'm griev'd I hinder'd
Thy just resentment——But Monimia——

Cast. Damn her.

Acast. Don't curse her.

Cast. Did I ?

Acast. Yes.

Cast. I'm sorry for't.

Acast. Methinks, as if I guess the fault's but small,
It might be pardon'd.

Cast. No.

Acast. What has she done ?

Cast. That she's my Wife may Heaven and you for-
give me !

Acast. Be reconcil'd then.

Cast. No.

Acast. Go see her.

Cast. No.

Acast. I'll send and bring her hither.

Cast. No.

Acast. For my sake,

Cast. and the quiet of my age.

Cast. Why will you urge a thing my nature starts at?

Acast. Prithee forgive her.

Cast. Lightnings first shall blast me:

I tell you, where she prostrate at my feet,

Full of her sex's best-dissembled sorrows,

And all that wond'rous beauty of her own,

My heart might break, but it should never soften.

Enter Florella.

Flor. My lord, where are you?

Oh shew me quickly where's *Cast.*

Acast. Why, what's the business?

Flor. Oh, the poor *Monimia*! —

Cast. Hah!

Acast. What's the matter?

Flor. Hurry'd by despair,

She flies with fury over all the house;

Through every room of each apartment, crying.

Where's my *Cast.*? Give me my *Cast.*!

Except she sees you, sure she'll she'll grow distracted.

Cast. Hah! will she? Does she name *Cast.*?

And with such tenderness? Conduct me quickly

To the poor lovely mourner.

Acast. Then wilt thou go? Blessings attend thy purpose!

Cast. I cannot hear *Monimia*'s soul's in sadness,
And be a man: my heart will not forget her.

Acast. Delay not then, but haste and cheer thy love.

Cast. Oh! I will throw m' impatient arms about her,
In her soft bosom sigh my soul to peace,
'Till through the panting breast she finds the way
To mould my heart, and make it what she will.
Monimia! Oh!

[*Exeunt Acast. and Cast.*]

SCENE

T H E O R P H A N .

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S C E N E a Chamber.

Enter Monimia.

Mon. Stand off, and give me room,
I will not rest till I have found Castalio,
My wish's lord, comely as the rising day,
Amidst ten thousand eminently known,
Flowers spring up where'er he treads, his eyes,
Fountains of brightness, cheering all about him!
When will they shine on me?—Oh stay my soul!
I cannot die in peace till I have seen him.

Castalio re-enters.

Cast. Who talks of dying with a voice so sweet,
That life's in love with it?

Mon. Hark! 'tis he that answers.
Where art thou?

Cast. Here, my love.

Mon. No nearer, lest I vanish.

Cast. Have I been in a dream then all this while?
And art thou but the shadow of Monimia?
Why dost thou fly me thus?

Mon. Oh! were it possible that we could drown
In dark oblivion but a few past hours,
We might be happy.

Cast. Is't then so hard, Monimia, to forgive
A fault, where humble love, like mine, implores thee?
For I must love thee, though it prove my ruin.
Which way shall I court thee?

What shall I do to be enough thy slave,
And satisfy the lovely pride that's in thee?
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee.
Yet prithee, tyrant, break not quite my heart,
But when my task of penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with love.

Mon. If I am dumb, Castalio, and want words
To pay thee back this mighty tenderness;
It is because I look on thee with horror,
And cannot see the man I have so wrong'd.

Cast. Thou hast not wrong'd me.

Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'st
Just as thy poor heart thinks: have not I wrong'd thee?

Cast. No.

Mon. Still thou wander'st in the dark, Castalio,
But wilt ere long stumble on horrid danger.

Cast. My better angel, then do thou inform me
What danger threatens me, and where it lies:
Why didst thou (prithee smile, and tell me why)
When I stood waiting underneath the window,
Quaking with fierce and violent desires;
The dropping dews fell cold upon my head,
Darkness inclos'd, and the winds whistled round me;
Which with my mournful sighs made such sad music,
As might have mov'd the hardest heart; why wert thou
Deaf to my cries, and senseless of my pains?

Mon. Did I not beg thee to forbear enquiry?
Read'st thou not something in my face, that speaks
Wonderful change, and horror from within me?

Cast. Then there is something yet which I've not
known:
What does thou mean by Horror, and Forbearance
Of more enquiry? Tell me, I beg thee, tell me;
And don't betray me to a second madness.

Mon. Must I?

Cast. If, lab'ring in the pangs of death,
Thou would'st do any thing to give me ease,
Unfold this riddle, ere my thoughts grow wild,
And let in fears of ugly form upon me.

Mon. My heart won't let me speak it: but remember
Monimia, poor Monimia tells you this,
We ne'er must meet again——

Cast. Ne'er meet again!

Mon. No, never.

Cast. Where's the power
On earth, that dares not look like thee, and say so?
Thou art my heart's inheritance: I serv'd
A long and painful faithful slavery for thee;
And who shall rob me of the dear-bought blessing?

Mon. Time will clear all: but now let this content
you.

Heav'n has decreed, and therefore I've resolv'd
(With torment I must tell thee, Castalio)
Ever to be a stranger to thy love:
In some far distant country waste my life,

And

And from this day to see thy face no more.

Cast. Where am I? Sur I wander 'mid't enchantments,
And never more shall find the way o' rest:
Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already.
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd:
Wilt thou not turn?—Oh! could those eyes but speak,
I should know all, for love is pregnant in 'em:
They swell, they press their beams upon me still:
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself withal, whilst my heart's breaking.

Mon. Ah, poor Castalio! [Exit Monimia.]

Cast. What means all this? Why all this stir to plague
A single wretch? If but your word can shake
This world to atoms, why so much ado
With me? Think me but dead, and lay me so.

Enter Polydore.

Pol. To live, and live a torment to myself,
What dog would bear't, that knew but his condition?
We've little knowledge, and that makes us cowards,
Because it cannot tell us what's to come.

Cast. Who's there?—

Pol. Why, what art thou?

Cast. My brother Polydore!

Pol. My name is Polydore.

Cast. Canst thou inform me—

Pol. Of what?

Cast. Of my Monimia?

Pol. No. Good-day!

Cast. In haste:

Methinks my Polydore appears in sadness.

Pol. Indeed: and so to me does my Castalio.

Cast. Do I?

Pol. Thou do'st.

Cast. Alas! I've wond'rous reason;
I'm strangely alter'd, brother, since I saw thee.

Pol. Why?

Cast. Oh! to tell thee would but put thy heart

To pain : let me embrace thee but a little,
 And weep upon thy neck : I would repose
 Within thy friendly bosom all my follies :
 For thou wilt pardon 'em, because they're mine.

Pol. Be not too credulous : consider first,
 Friends may be false. Is there no friendship false ?

Cast. Why dost thou ask me that ? Does this appear
 Like a false friendship, when, with open arms
 And streaming eyes, I run upon thy breast ?
 Oh ! 'tis in thee alone I must have comfort !

Pol. I fear, Castalio, I have none to give thee.

Cast. Do'st thou not love me then ?

Pol. Oh more than life :

I never had a thought of my Castalio
 Might wrong the friendship we had vow'd together.
 Hast thou dealt so by me ?

Cast. I hope I have.

Pol. Then tell me why this mourning, this disorder ?

Cast. O Polydore, I know not how to tell thee :
 Shame rises in my face, and interrupts
 The story of my tongue.

Pol. I grieve, my friend
 Knows any thing which he's ashamed to tell me :
 Or didst thou e'er conceal thy thoughts from Polydore ?

Cast. O ! much too oft ;
 But let me here conjure thee,
 By all the kind affection of a Brother,
 (For I am ashamed to call myself thy friend)
 Forgive me. —

Pol. Well, go on.

Cast. Our Destiny contriv'd
 To plague us both with one unhappy love !
 Thou, like a friend, a constant gen'rous friend,
 In its first pangs didst trust me with thy passion,
 Whilst I still smother'd my pain with smiles before thee,
 And made a contract I ne'er meant to keep.

Pol. How !

Cast. Still new ways I study'd to abuse thee,
 And kept thee as a stranger to my passion,
 'Till yesterday I wedded with Monimia.

Pol. Ay, Castalio, was that well done ?

Cast.

Cast. No; to conceal't from thee, was much a fault.

Pol. A fault! when thou has heard
The tale I'll tell, what wilt thou call it then?

Cast. How my heart throbs!

Pol. First, for thy friendship, Traitor,
I cancel't thus: after this day I'll ne'er
Hold trust or converse with the false Castalio!
This, witness Heaven!

Cast. What will my fate do with me?
I've lost all happiness, and know not why!
What means this, Brother?

Pol. Perjur'd, treach'ruous wretch!
Farewell!

Cast. I'll be thy slave, and thou shalt use me
Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

Pol. Never.

Cast. Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing:
How from our infancy we hand-in-hand
Have trod the path of Life in love together:
One bed has held us; and the same desires,
The same aversions still employ'd our thoughts:
Whene'er had I a Friend that was not Polydore's?
Or Polydore a Foe that was not mine?
E'en in the womb w' imbrac'd, and wilt thou now,
For the first fault, abandon and forsake me?
Leave me amidst afflictions to myself,
Plung'd in the gulph of Grief, and none to help me?

Pol. Go to Monimia! in her arms thou'lt find
Repose: she has the art of healing sorrows.

Cast. What arts?

Pol. Blind wretch! thou husband! Is she not a——

Cast. Whore?

Pol. Ay, Whore! I think that words needs no explaining.

Cast. Alas! I can forgive e'en this to thee:
But let me tell thee, Polydore, I'm griev'd
To find thee guilty of such low revenge,
To wrong that Virtue which thou could'st not ruin!

Pol. It seems I lie, then!

Cast. Should the bravest man.

That

That e'er wore conquering sword but dare to whisper
What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars:
My friend may be mistaken,

Pol. Damn the evasion!

Thou mean'st the worst! and he's a base-born villain
That said I ly'd!

Cast. O, draw thy sword, and thrust it through my
heart;

There is no joy in life, if thou art lost.

A base-born villain!

Pol. Yes! thou never cam'st

From old Acasto's loins: the midwife put

A cheat upon my mother; and instead

Of a true brother, in the cradel by me

Plac'd some coarse peasant's cub, and thou art he!

Cast. Thou art my Brother still.

Pol. Thou ly'st!

Cast. Nay then!

[*He draws.*]

Yet I am calm.

Pol. A Coward's always so.

Cast. Ah—ah—that stings home: Coward!

Pol. Ay, base-born Coward! Villain!

Cast. This to thy heart then! tho' my mother bore
thee!

[*Fight; Polydore drops his sword,
and runs on Castalio's.*]

Pol. Now my Castalio is again my Friend.

Cast. What have I done! my sword is in thy breast.

Pol. So I would have it be, thou best of Men!

Thou kindest Brother, and thou truest Friend.

Cast. Ye Gods, we're taught that all your works are
Justice:

Y're painted merciful, and friends to Innocence:

If so, then why these plagues upon my head?

Pol. Blame not the Heav'ns: here lies thy fate
Castalio!

Th'are not the Gods, 'tis Polydore has wrong'd thee:

I've stain'd thy bed: thy spotless marriage joys

Have been polluted by thy brother's lust.

Cast. By thee!

Pol. By me, last night the horrid deed

Was done, when all things slept but Rage and Incest.

Cast.

Cast. Now where's Monimia, oh!

Enter Monimia.

Mon. I'm here : who calls me ?

Methought I heard a voice,

Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,

When all his little flock's at feed before him.

But what means this ? here's blood !

Cast. Ay, Brother's blood !

Art thou prepar'd for everlasting pains ?

Pol. Oh ! let me charge thee by th' eternal Justice

Hurt not her tender life !

Cast. Not kill her ?

Mon. That task myself have finish'd : I shall die

Before we part : I've drank a healing draught

For all my cares, and never more shall wrong thee.

Pol. Oh, she's innocent.

Cast. Tell me that story,

And thou wilt make a wretch of me indeed.

Pol. Had'st thou, Castalio, us'd me like a friend,

This ne'er had happen'd : had'st thou let me know

Thy marriage, we had all now met in joy :

But ignorant of that,

Hearing th' appointment made, inrag'd to think

Thou had'st outdone me in successful love,

I in the dark went and supply'd thy place ;

Whilst all the night, 'midst our triumphant joys,

The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd Monimia,

Embrace'd, carefs'd, and call'd me her Castalio.

Cast. And all this is the work of my own fortune !

None but myself could e'er have been so curst !

My fatal love, alas ! has ruin'd thee,

Thou fairest, goodly'st frame the Gods e'er made,

Or ever human eyes and hearts ador'd !

I've murder'd too my Brother !

Why would'st thou study ways to damn me farther ?

And force the sin of Parricide upon me ?

Pol. 'Tis my own fault, and thou art innocent !

Forgive the barbarous trespass of my tongue ;

'Tas a hard violence : I cou'd have dy'd

With love of thee, e'en when I us'd thee worst ;

Nay, at each word that my distraction utter'd,

My

My heart recoil'd, and 'twas half death to speak 'em.

Mon. Now, my Castalio, the most dear of men,
Wilt thou receive pollution to thy bosom,
And close the eyes of one that has betray'd thee?

Cast. Oh, I'm th' unhappy wretch, whose curst fate
Has weigh'd thee down into destruction with him:
Why then thus kind to me?

Mon. When I'm laid low i'th' grave and quite forgotten,

May'st thou be happy in a fairer Bride!

But none can ever love thee like Monimia.

When I am dead, as presently I shall be,

(For the grim tyrant grasps my heart already)

Speak well of me: and if thou find ill tongues

Too busy with my fame, don't hear me wrong'd:

'Twill be a noble justice to the memory

Of a poor wretch once honour'd with thy love.

How my head swims! 'tis very dark! Good-night!

[*Dies.*]

Cast. If I survive thee! what a thought was that!
Thank Heav'n, I go prepar'd against that curse.

*Enter Chamont, disarm'd and seiz'd by Acasto and
Servants.*

Cham. Gape earth, and swallow me to quick destruction.

If I forgive your house! if I not live

An everlasting plague to thee, Acasto,

And all thy race! Y'have overpower'd me now!

But hear me, Heav'n!—Ah! here's a scene of death!

My Sister, my Monimia breathless!—Now,

Ye pow'rs above, if ye have justice, strike!

Strike bolts thro' me, and through the curst Castalio!

Cast. Stand off! thou hot-brain'd, boist'rous, noisy
ruffian!

And leave me to my sorrows!

Cham. By the love

I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her;

But here remain, 'till my heart burst with sobbing.

Cast. Vanish, I charge thee! or— [*Draws a Dagger.*]

Cham. Thou canst not kill me!

That would be kindness, and against thy nature!

Acasto.

Acast. What means Castalio ! Sure thou wilt not pull
More sorrows on thy aged father's head !
Tell me, I beg you, tell me the sad cause
Of all this ruin.

Pol. That must be my task :
But 'tis too long for one in pains to tell ;
You'll in my closet find the story written
Of all our woes. Castalio's innocent ;
And so's Monimia ! only I'm to blame !
Enquire no farther.

Cast. Thou, unkind Chamont,
Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy hate,
And sought the life of him that never wrong'd thee :
Now, if thou wilt embrace a noble vengeance,
Come join with me and curse.

Cham. What ?

Cast. First thyself.
As I do, and the hour that gave thee birth :
Confusion and disorder seize the world !
To spoil all trust and converse amongst men ;
'Twixt families engender endless feuds,
In countries needless fears, in cities factions,
In states rebellion, and in churches schism ;
'Till all things move against the course of Nature :
'Till form's dissolv'd, the Chain of causes broken,
And the Originals of Being lost.

Acast. Have patience.

Cast. Patience ! preach it to the winds,
The roaring seas, or raging fires : the knaves
That teach it, laugh at ye when ye believe 'em.
Strip me of all the common needs of life,
Scald me with leprosy, let friends forsake me,
I'll bear it all ; but curst to the degree
That I am now, 'tis this must give me patience :
Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more.

[Stabs himself.

Chamont, to thee my birth-right I bequeath ;
Comfort my mourning father, heal his griefs ;

[Acasto faints into the arms of a Servant.

For I perceive they fall with weight upon him.

And

And for Monimia's sake, whom thou wilt find
 I never wrong'd, be kind to poor Serina.
 Now all I beg is, lay me in one grave
 Thus with my Love. Farewell! I now am—nothing

[Dies

Cham. Take care of good Acasto, whilst I go
 To search the means by which the Fates have plagu'd
 us.

'Tis thus that Heav'n its empire does maintain:
 It may afflict; but Man must not complain.

[Exeunt Omnes.



F I N I S.

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